F. Garden Sculp.

F. Garden Sculp.

NANCY DAWSON'S *Jeſts:*

To which is Added

The MERRY HORNPIPE;

BEING

A Collection of Songs written for the Delight and Amuſement of all her Admirers.

When firſt with Nancy Dawſon
The Hornpipe came in faſhion,
We ev'ry one to dance begun,
And jigg'd throughout the nation,
And a jigging we will go.

Embelliſhed with a beautiful Print of Miſs DAWSON in the famous Hornpipe.

LONDON:
Printed for J. SEYMOUR, in *Ball-Alley, Lombard-Street.*
MDCCLXI.

[Price One Shilling.]

20
55
JAN

TO

Miſs *DAWSON*.

THAT I have taken the Liberty of prefixing your Name to this Book, is owing to the great and juſt Senſe I have of your Wit and Merit——As a Woman I admire you, and as a Dancer I think you neither have, nor perhaps never may have, an Equal. Your Good-nature, I am certain, will excuſe the Freedom I have taken with your Name, and give me Leave to aſſure you that I am, with the moſt perfect Eſteem,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient;

and devoted Servant,

The AUTHOR.

29
55
JAN

NANCY DAWSON's

JESTS.

ONE evening when miſs D——— was entertaining the town with the favourite hornpipe, a gentleman obſerved that *Nancy was good at it, for that either ſtanding or lying, her movements were excellent.*

About a fortnight ago, as ſhe was dancing at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane, a young lady asked her eldeſt ſiſter, why miſs Dawſon turn'd her toes out ſo in dancing? *It is, my dear, cries ſhe, to cool her* ****.

And the ſame evening an old watchmaker obſerved that ſhe was like one of Tompion's watches———*for her ſprings were good, and all her movements regular.*

One evening, when miſs D----- was dancing a hornpipe at Covent-garden theatre, a gentleman in one of the boxes asked his friend how he liked her motions, to which he replied, *upon my word I forgot, ſir, 'tis full three years ſince I laid with her.*

A gentleman was telling another that himſelf, a friend of his, and miſs D——— laid all in one bed at Epſom a few years ago, during the time of the races there, and who, he asked him, was Nancy's particular? by Jupiter, cries he, I don't know, *but I believe we all ——— one another.*

A certain theatrical gentleman, who had made himſelf pretty remarkable for his intimacy with miſs D———, upon a quarrel which happened between them one night, asked her, why and be poxed to her, ſhe could not play Juliet as well as miſs Macklin, or the beſt of them, to which ſhe inſtantly replied, and why Mr. S——— cannot you forget the ſhrug of the ſhoulders, the provincial accent, and the ridiculous grin?——*I'll tell thee, Ned, I can dance a hornpipe, and thou canſt make a wry face, theſe are our ſeveral excellencies, but as to any thing farther, I am a bunting w——e and thou art a dirty ſon of a b—h.*

A coxcomb told a lady his *wits were always afloat*; to which ſhe acquieſced, by telling him, ſhe knew he very often *ſent them for a venture.*

A lady remarkable for making uſe of hard words, without giving much heed to their proper ſignification, was once declaring her abhorrence to a gentleman, which, ſhe ſaid, was ſo great, that ſhe never ſaw him but he filled her full of *concupiſcence.*

L---y

L---y Co---ry was with ſome ladies, who happened to talk of Coventry Croſs; upon which one of them ſaid, ſhe had never ſeen it. I don't know what you may have done, ſays her ladyſhip, but I aſſure you I have ſeen Coventry Croſs very often.

Some ladies and gentlemen were playing at what *is my thoughts like:* a lady thought, and asked the queſtion; when a gentleman told her, her thought was like a ſhrimp: pray ſir, ſays ſhe, why is lord A---n like a Shrimp? he immediately anſwered, *becauſe, madam his head and tail are good for nothing.*

A gentleman who had not ſeen his friend a great while, complained that they never met; well, ſays the friend, be comforted, we ſhall meet in the other world: if we do, ſays the gentleman, *I'll be damn'd.*

A gentleman educated in France; being in London once, a perſon who perceived he had a violent brogue, asked him in jeſt, what countryman he was? *I was born in Ireland, ſir, ſays he, but I am a native of France.*

There are not in the world perhaps ſuch a ſet of ignorant wretches as the lower rank of papiſts in Ireland. A maid ſervant of the Roman catholic religion, living there in a proteſtant family, was perſuaded by her miſtreſs one Sunday to go to the eſtabliſhed church, where the leſſons happened to be thoſe in which frequent mention is made of Mary Magdalen. The wench coming home, her miſtreſs asked her how ſhe approved

of the ſervice? Faith madam, ſays ſhe, I liked it very well, but I little thought to hear the miniſter talk ſo much of *Molly M'Dillon, my ſhoemaker's wife.*

14 Miſs -----, whoſe character has been made a little free with, being at ſome public place, tript and *fell upon her back*; but recovering herſelf immediately, ſome of the company obſerved with what agility ſhe ſprung up, and how little confuſion ſhe was in; to which a gentleman only anſwered this, *Practice makes perfect.*

15 A perſon, talking of the obligation that he had to another perſon, ſaid he was the beſt *malefactor* to him that ever he had ſeen in his days.

16 A gentleman, travelling in the Highlands of Scotland on horſeback, was overtaken on the road by a violent ſtorm, and obliged to put into an old woman's hovel, who ſold tobacco and ſmall beer, for ſhelter: among other things, he asked her if ſhe did not wiſh to be in heaven. Ah! quoth ſhe, it is nae for ſic poor folk as I to have ſic vain thoughts: troth ſir, I ſhall be een very weel content, *gen I can get a wee corner in hell to keep my ſhop in.*

17 A perſon who was reputed to have raiſed himſelf in the world by the moſt infamous compliances with his own ſex, a gentleman ſaid he thought he ſhould be asked how he made ſuch a grand appearance; and, ſays he, I wonder what anſwer he would make. Why, ſays another who was by, to be ſure he ſhould deſire you to *ask his a-ſe.*

A gen-

A gentleman being told that corn was likely to grow extravagantly dear, well, ſays he, I know how I'll manage, *I'll live upon pudding.*

A perſon about to deſcribe a ſnuff-box he had ſeen, which was an Egyptian pebble ſet in Pinchbeck, ſaid it was *a Gypſies nipple ſet in Pinchgut.*

Some gentlemen went to ſup at a tavern, where they ordered ſome fiſh, which happened to be very ſtale. When the bill was brought the charge was extravagant, which of the company finding fault with, the landlady was ſent for, another excuſed her by ſaying, *that they muſt conſider ſhe had been out of her money a great while.*

A gentleman was making a viſit at a houſe, where he obſerved, that as the company withdrew one by one, all the reſt began to pull them to pieces. The clock ſtruck ten before he attempted to ſtir, when a perſon who came with him asked him, if he deſigned to ſleep there? *Be quiet, ſays he, I am ſtaying to watch myſelf.*

The D— of R—, who is a lieutenant of foot, being frequently at country quarters, remarkably fond of his regimental buſineſs, and generally making it the topic of his diſcourſe; ſir G— L--ton ſaid, that he was *bit by a mad adjutant.*

A gentleman in king James the ſecond's time riding on a half ſtarv'd horſe, was asked by a Frenchman what his name was? to which the owner replied, that it was Carpenter; *Begar, ver good, ſaid the Frenchman, and ſo you feed your horſe vid de chips.*

A pert

A pert blockhead, who thought himſelf very ſmart, was once in company with doctor Swift, who riſing from his chair in a fauey manner, on ſomething he ſaid, for you muſt know Mr. Dean, adds he, that *I ſet up for a Wit*; *do you?* *ſays the dean, very gravely: why then, take my advice, and ſit down again.*

A lady told the earl of C———d at the Bath, that the world gave it out ſhe came down there, and was brought to-bed of twins. Oh! madam, anſwered my lord, *I never believe above half what the world ſays.*

A perſon going down the river in a boat, haled a ſhip as he went by. Ho! ſays he, have you one *wiſe man* aboard you? To which they anſwered no: *Then, ſays he, you are all Fools.*

A ſoldier was carrying to be hang'd for murder; as he went along, a woman cried out, oh! poor ſoul! *but 'tis what we muſt all come to*; upon which, looking at her with the utmoſt compoſure, he ſaid, *not to the gallows you bitch.*

Dean Swift was talking among ſome of his female acquaintances, of another female, whom, ſays he, is the greateſt *bitch* I ever was acquainted with, *Except the company preſent, ladies, and you know that's civil.*

A clergyman was preaching on the manifold miſeries of the Jews, which may ſerve to convince you, my brethren, ſays he, *that ſingle misfortunes never come alone.*

A cler-

A clergyman one evening was inſtructing ſome of his pariſhioners children in the body of the church; when coming to what goes immediately before the lord's prayer, *My good child*, &c. He turned to one of the Girls, and asked her what ſhe did firſt when ſhe got up in the morning; meaning, to know if ſhe ſaid her prayers: however, the girl not underſtanding the bent of his queſtion, ſtammered and looked down; upon which her mother, who ſtood behind her, cried, huſſey, why don't you anſwer his reverence; what muſt I anſwer replied the girl? I ask you, my dear, cried the clergyman, what is the firſt thing you do when you get up in the morning: why, an pleaſe your reverence, ſays ſhe, courteſying, *I makes my water.*

A common liar, who, to the improvement of his faculty, had been a traveller, was telling very ſtrange ſtories of the remarkable things which he had met with while he was abroad: among the reſt, he ſaid there were cannon ſo large in *egypt*, that, being in a calaſh once drawn by four horſes, and a ſudden ſhower of rain falling, he drove into one of them for ſhelter, calaſh and all. Oh! ſays a gentleman who was liſtening to him, I can vouch the truth of that myſelf; for, I remember I was at the other end of it in a poſt-chaiſe; and upon your coming in at the *mouth*, I drove out at the *touch-hole.*

A gentleman who had married a young wife found that when he promiſed to comfort and cheriſh her, he had not conſidered the real ſtate of his abilities, yet what he could not perform hy nature, he thought he might be enabled to do by a little aſſiſtance from art; and accordingly he determined

termined to have recourſe to a friend of his, an apothecary, for ſome invigorating noſtrum. Well! to the apothecary he went, but, behold you, Mr. Gallipot was not at home; however, his ſpouſe, a jolly notable woman, received the gentleman very courteouſly; at the ſame time aſſuring him, that if he had occaſion for any thing in their buſineſs, ſhe was capable of ſerving him equally well with her husband. You may gueſs his errand was ſuch as he had no great mind to impart to a female; but at laſt conſidering, that there was no time to be loſt, and that he had come a great way, he ventured to diſcloſe the matter, and told her very freely what he wanted; if that be all, Sir, ſays ſhe, I believe I can ſupply you; and immediately mounting upon one of the ſhop-ſtools, as if to reach a bottle which ſtood upon a ſhelf above her, ſhe called him to hold it faſt: lord, Sir, ſays ſhe, what are you afraid of? lay hold of my leg; which he did: raiſe your hand a little higher; he obeyed: higher ſtill; he did ſo: put it up as high as you can; no ſooner ſaid than done. Well, Sir, how do you find yourſelf now? cries the waggiſh dame: do you perceive any alterations? not the leaſt, replied the unfortunate man. *Then go home about your buſineſs*, ſays ſhe, *for by G---d there is nothing in the ſhop will do you any ſervice.*

A ſervant-wench lay in bed one morning early on the broad of her back, with her mouth wide open: her maſter, who was a country ſquire, and conſequently a very great brute, paſſing through in the way to his dog-kennel, obſerved her poſitiou; and in the violence of his jocular diſpoſition, pull'd down his breechees and farted in the

the poor girls face: but though ſhe was aſleeep, ſhe was not, however, ſo heavily, but that ſhe retained ſome idea of what had been done to her; for after ſhe got up, ſhe ſaid to one of her fellow-ſervants, well! to be ſure, my maſter is parſonable man enough, but it's wonderſome to me how my miſtreſs loves him, for he *kiſſed me* this morning as he went through our room, and as I hope to be ſaved, *his breath ſtinks worſe than Poiſon.*

One ſoldiers wife called another a whore, upon which, falling in a violent paſſion, whore! ſays ſhe, clapping her hands, damn you, you bitch, you cannot ſay I ever *went out of the regiment.*

An ignorant booby lived with a young gentleman at *Oxford*, who ſent him to a friend's room to borrow a *Dictionary*: however, when he came there, not having been long enough at college to know the difference between a *perſon* and a *thing*: he gave his maſter's ſervice, and in a very mannerly ſtile, begged the gentleman to ſend him Mr. *Richard Snary.*

A man, meeting with a lady of the town, offered her a Shilling to let him feel her *private parts.* To which madam very readily conſented; and retiring to a by place, ſhe pulled up her petticoats to perform the condition: you impudent B---h, ſays he, it is not there that I muſt look for your *private parts*, for that's the moſt *public part* you have about you.

In *Ireland*, the miles in the province of *Linſter* are of the ſame length of thoſe in *England*; but when you have got into the province of *Connaught*, where they are computed; and, by the *Iriſh* ſtandard, they are of an unmeaſurable length. An *Engliſh* Gentleman travelling there took Notice of this, and asking the reaſon of it from the boy that drove his chaiſe, he gave the following one. Why, I'll tell you, ſir, ſays he; a *Connaught* prince once married a *Linſter* princeſs, and and as he brought her down from *Dublin*, it was agreed, that he ſhould *whip her cogie* at the end of every mile, which he perfomed brisk enough during the firſt days journey; but, as he drew nearer home, he began to ride ruſty, ſo he put three miles into one, in which ſtate they have remainad ever ſince.

An old lady lay doſing in bed one morning, when the maid opening the door of her chamber very ſoftly, to get out a favourite buck cat called *Roger! Roger! Roger.* Upon which the old lady ſuddenly rouſed, and ſtarted up in a paſſion, and cried *I'll Roger you huſſey, I'll Roger you, I will, ſo.*

A lady happened to let an eſcape in company, when hoping to deceive them in the noiſe, ſhe began to creek her chair. Upon which a gentleman, who ſat next to her, turning about very gravely, ſaid, *not a bit like like it upon my ſoul, madam, not a bit like it.*

A gentleman was ſhewing a lady a pair of leather breeches he had on, which, he ſaid, he had worn two years without having *a hole in them.*

Pſhaw,

Pſhaw, ſays ſhe, that's nothing; *I have worn a pair of leather breeches theſe four and twenty years, and they have but two holes in them yet.*

On Mr. *Garrick*'s playing *Romeo*, and Mr. *Barry*'s being at *Covent-Garden*, who always play'd the part at *Drury-Lane* before. When *Juliet* in the garden ſcene cried, *oh! Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?* a fellow from the upper gallery bauled out, *becauſe Bary's gone to the other houſe, by G---d.*

When the famous, or rather the infamous mother *Cole*, of bawdy memory, was dying, and hearing the bar bell ring frequently. Why! *Betty!* cries ſhe, no body to fetch girls to the gentleman, oh! my God, what will become of this houſe *when I am in the boſom of my ſweet ſaviour.*

Mother *Brown*, keeping a houſe of civil recreation in *Ireland*, a girl went into a private room with the late lord *Thomond*; in a little time ſhe began to cry out, when Mrs. *Brown* coming up, and finding that the noblemam had fallen aſleep on his poſt? *damn you, you bitch, ſays ſhe, dont make a noiſe to waken his lordſhip.*

One of thoſe convenient houſes, which, was alſo an Inn upon occaſion, had for a ſign a woman with a wiſp of Hay in her hand, and underneath was written, *entertainment for man and horſe,*

Lady *V*--- was as at the public rooms in *Bath*, ſitting on a bench among ſome of her own ſex, when a gentleman came up, and asked her lady-

On the death of the late glorious king William, and the acceſſion of queen Anne to the throne of theſe realms, a young clergyman, whoſe talents were purely evangelick, asked a friend what alterations were neceſſary to be made in reading the prayers of the church upon that occaſion? His friend anſwered, no other than that where he ſaid king before, he muſt then ſay queen; and where he ſaid lord, he muſt ſay lady: our levite went away well edified by his friend's inſtructions, as you ſhall hear; for, the next Sunday, when he was reading divine ſervice, and came to this prayer, almighty king of kings, and lord of lords, he, he with an audible voice, began *Almighty queen* of *queens*, and *lady* of *ladies*.

The ſame hopeful parſon uſed to be very prolix in his ſermons, which many of his congregation complained of; among the reſt his mother once took him to task about it; upon which he told her, that he did know when to leave off. Well then, my dear, ſaid ſhe, take notice of me, and I will, when I think your ſermon has been long enough, put my finger up to my noſe, after which you muſt take the firſt opportunity to conclude. Accordingly, the next ſermon day, his mother was in her ſeat at church, which ſtood juſt oppoſite the pulpit, from whence her ſon had a full view of her, and watched for the ſignal; this ſhe unfortunately gave, juſt as he was telling his hearers, what virtues were neceſſary for them to practice; and that if they fail'd to do them, they would certainly be damned, which, ſays he, (in conſequence of my mother's ſign) *That you may all be, God of his infinite mercy grant.*

Quin the player, being ſhewn a very little man, and his wife, who was a very large woman juſt by him: what, ſays he, that *urchin* married to ſuch a *ſtrapper*, Oons, *'tis a glyſter pipe in the arſe of an elephant.*

Quin ſeeing a Boy turn a ſpit in a very hot kitchen, and by a monſtrous fire, asked him how he bore it; to which the boy anſwered, very well; thens child, ſays he, you may bid the *Devil kiſs your A--e.*

A gentleman ſat by another, whom he was very little acquainted with, in the pit of *Drury-Lane* playhouſe, when ſeeing two women come into a box juſt oppoſite to them, he turned about to his neighbour, and ſaid, 'sdeath, can you tell me what ugly bitch that is; who ſir, anſwers the gentleman, that lady coming into the box, 'tis *my ſiſter*: lord ſir, cries the other, greatly confuſed, I beg ten thouſand pardons; no I mean that ſhocking monſter with her; oh! ſir, anſwer he, *that's my wife.*

The E---l of *C----d* being asked upon his coming over from *Ireland*, where he had been lord lieutenant, which he gave the preference to, the *Engliſh* or the *Iriſh* ladies; he ſaid, that moſt of the ladies there looked like *whores*, and were really *modeſt women*, whereas, ſays he, moſt of the ladies in *England* look like *modeſt women*, and are really *whores.*

A gentleman very much fuddled, was returning home with ſome friends, whom he ſtayed behind to make water; and for that purpoſe, took

his ſtand directly under the ſpout, from which the rain, a ſhower of which had lately fallen, poured plenteouſly: this was the occaſion of a pleaſant miſtake in the poor Bacchanal, for lugging out and hearing the water ſtill running, he imagined to be from his own channel; ſo that, when his friends, who thought he ſtaid longer than was neceſſary for ſuch an occaſion, came back to ſee what was become of him, they heard him, as they drew near, uttering this ſubmiſſive apoſtrophe: *O great and merciful G--, if it is thy bleſſed will that I ſhould piſs myſelf to death, why, be it ſo.*

Another perſon in a ſimilar condition, once happening to ſtop at a like ſpot with the ſame intent; hearing the ſpout pour, thought he was at it himſelf, and ſo *piſſed his breeches.*

Some troopers at a country town, were about acting a tragedy, which was Othello: and the morning of the grand performance, he who was to perform the part of Othello, went to a ſtationer's, and bought a very neat blank-book: no body knew what he meant it for, but he was not ſo ignorant himſelf; for, when he was on the ſtage, and came to thoſe lines in the play, *was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book, made to write whore upon?* he drew out his purchaſe, and flouriſhed it about, to his own great ſatisfaction, and the high diverſion of the ſpectators.

Lady T--d had a good deal of company at her houſe the Monday night before Shrove-Tuesday: as they were at ſupper, ſhe heard the clock ſtrike twelve; come, gentlemen, ſays ſhe, 'tis

now

now Shrove-Tueſday, which of you will ſet up your *cock till I knock it down.*

An ignorant fellow, who came to town for a few days, went to the play of Hamlet prince of Denmark, which, when he returned to the country, he bragged of? upon that, ſome body asked him what play it was he had ſeen? what play! cries he; why, I thinks it was *Hambleton* prince of *Dunkirk.*

An old woman had a jack aſs run away from her; upon which ſhe called out to a man in the road, ſtop my aſs maſter, ſtop my aſs. Take a *cork*, you old whore, and ſtop it *yourſelf*, ſays he.

A gentleman whoſe name was *Ableram*, put the following poſey upon his wedding-ring.

My deareſt *lamb*,
I am your *Able ram.*

A friend of his, who was married about the ſame time, made uſe of this,

As God is my *judge*,
I'll make you my *drudge.*

Queen Elizabeth was at Oxford, when paſſing through one of the courts, upon the door in which ſhe was to enter, there was a certain word wrote in ſuch legible characters, that it was impoſſible for her Majeſty to pretend not to ſee it; upon which, turning about to the provoſt, I am ſorry, doctor, ſays ſhe, to find there is any ſuch bad ſcholar in your houſe, as to ſpell *Sunt* with a *C.*

It was noiſed about, that a certain lady of diſtinction was brought to bed of a *hermophradite*; upon which a gentleman ſaid, he was not at all ſurpriſed at it, for there was nothing more common, than for children to be marked with what their mother *longed for*.

Some time after the H---ble Mr. T—ſhend had given up his commiſſion in the guards, he went one morning to the parade, where colonel Fitz—m, who was remarkable for being a tale-bearer to his R—l H—neſs the D—e, was looking over the exerciſe, in order that, if any thing was wrong, he might carry it. Upon ſeeing Mr. T—ſhend, what, T—ſhend, ſays he, though you have left us, I ſee you ſtill come here as a ſpectator. Yes, ſays the other, and you come here as a *tatler*. This is one of the beſt puns that ever was let.

Pope, who, whatever his other good qualities might be, certainly was not not much troubled with good nature; was one evening at Button's coffee-houſe, where he and a ſet of literati had got poring over a manuſcript of the Greek comic poet Ariſtophanes, in which they found a paſſage that none of them could comprehend: as they talked pretty loud, a young officer who ſtood by the fire, heard their conference, and beg'd that he might be permitted to look at the paſſage — oh! ſays Pope ſarcaſticaly, by all means, pray let the young gentleman look at it. Upon which the officer took up the book, and conſidering a while, ſaid, that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible: which was really the caſe; and pray maſter, ſays Pope,

(piqued

(piqued perhaps at being out-done by a redcoat) what is a note of interrogation? a note of interrogation, replied the youth, with a look of the utmoſt contempt, is *a little crooked thing that asks queſtions*: 'tis ſaid, however, that Pope was ſo delighted with the wit, that he forgave the ſarcaſm on his perſon.

A country ſquire meeting a parſon on horſeback, with his wife behind him; well, doctor, ſays he, is the grey mare the better horſe; who wears the breeches? *My arſe*, replies the parſon.

A country fellow was brought as a witneſs to ſwear againſt a criminal; when the judge asked him, in the uſual ſtile, did he know the priſoner at the bar? Know him, my lord, cries the fellow; I ask you, do you know him, ſays the judge; he hum'd and haw'd: when the judge growing angry, put the queſtion to him again with ſome warmth, I ask you, do you know the priſoner at the bar; to which the witneſs anſwered, my lord, *I never had carnal knowledge of the man.*

A perſon began to ſcold his ſervant for not being within call; upon which the fellow told him, he was at the ſame time ſent out of a meſſage: ſays he, recollecting himſelf, 'tis very true indeed; *and you could not be in two places at once, without you were a bird.*

When the equeſtrian ſtatue of king George the firſt was placed upon Eſſex bridge in Dublin, the city attended in cavalcade; upon which a gentleman obſerved to my lord mayor, who rode a very ſprightly *charger*, that he thought he was

a better *ſubject*, than to ride ſo fine a *horſe* himſelf, and ſee his king upon a *caſt one*.

A gentleman in Ireland, remarkable for what are called *bulls*, was met one day in mourning; how now, Frank, ſays his acquaintance, who are you in mourning for? for my poor wife, honey, anſwers he—God bleſs me, ſays the other! indeed it is very true, ſays Frank: ſhe would have been *three weeks dead*, if ſhe had *lived till laſt Wedneſday*.

The ſame perſon going to ſee what time of day it was by a dial, which the ſun ſhone very bright upon, his eyes were ſo dazzled, that he could not diſtinguiſh: oh! the devil burn theſe fellows, ſays he, *why could they not have put this dial in the ſhade*.

Another time being asked to breakfaſt at a friend's houſe, he excuſed himſelf, becauſe he never drank tea; and pray, ſays ſomebody, what do you uſually take for breakfaſt, vegetables, ſays he generally; *a beef-ſteak or a mutton-chop*.

A very ſtupid and illiterate fellow, who was very fond of being thought a great reader, and of ſhewing his wit, uſed to quote authors indiſcriminately, juſt as he picked the fragments up, without the leaſt fitneſs in the application. A perſon in company was telling a ſtory of a poor gentlewoman of their acquaintance, who died ſuddenly of an apoplexy: ay, ſays our ſolomon, that puts me in mind of a line of Dryden;

He whiſtled as he went for want of thought.

A gentleman deſcribing a perſon of very confined parts, ſaid he had but *two ideas*, and *three words* to expreſs them in.

An author once wrote a tragedy upon the ſtory of *Curtius*, whom he made leap into the fiery gulph before the ſpectators, with this pious ejaculation, "*ſweet jeſus, have mercy on me*;" upon which, one paſſing ſome friendly criticiſm, oh! my dear, ſays the poet, you don't conſider that he was a *Roman catholic*.

One of the ſacred function, who was not always thinking of where he was, and what he was doing; one morning, reading the pſalms at his pariſh church, came to the words *flouriſh like a green bay*. Upon which, turning over, and the leaves ſticking together, he read on the other ſide, *horſe, horſe*! ſays he, *green bay horſe*! ay, it is *horſe*! and ſo he read on.

A man, talking of the temper of his wife, ſaid, ſhe was the moſt unreaſonable woman in the world; and where he gave her an *inch*, ſhe would take an *ell*.

A certain lord, remarkable for his abſence of mind, was handing a lady to her coach, but having a very preſſing occaſion the minute he got into the air, he turned about to the wall to make water, ſtill holding the lady faſt by the hand, who made ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to get to her vehicle, the door of which a ſervant held open all the while; at laſt his lordſhip having done, he buttoned up very cooly, and ſaid *now, madam, I am ready to attend you*.

The Earl of C—d has filled up the vacancies of his library with the *fathers in wood.*

An Iriſh lawyer, pleading before a judge in that kingdom, ſaid the client was a poor man who got his livelihood by making *tin-plates of iron. Tin-plates of iron!* cries the judge; what do you mean by that, ſir? arrah, ſays he, your lordſhip knows well enough what I mean why, I mean, *that they are not tick.*

When colonel O—n, who was recommended to the favour by the empreſs queen, came to make his recantation before the archbiſhop of Canterbury, in order to qualify himſelf for a poſt in England? he told his grace, that he was come to abjure the errors of the romiſh religion; all their *tranſubſtantiations, trinity, and ſtuff,*

A gentleman ſaid, that our Engliſh operas put him in mind of Milton, where he tells us the *Devils entertained themſelves with muſick in hell.*

The ſame, upon ſeeing a foreign ambaſſador's wife who had a very yellow skin, violently bedaubed with red paint, ſaid her face looked like *a bloody ſtool.*

An idiot was on his death-bed, when one asked him where he expected to go. Why, to heaven, anſwered he; how ſo, ſays the perſon, are you not a fool? well, ſays he, *God never expected more than he gave*: this was the only ſenſible ſentence he was ever known to ſpeak, and he expired immediately after.

A coxcomb, remarkable for talking a great deal of nonſenſe, had a moſt diſagreeable voice in ſpeaking. One mentioned it as an imperfection in him; but a lady ſaid ſhe could not think it ſo, ſince it was a conſtant rule, that the *ſound* ſhould be an eccho to the *ſenſe*.

Sir Toby Butler, a famous Iriſh lawyer was once pleading a cauſe before a judge who was ſuſpected of being bribed; the judge, obſerving his linen not to be the moſt ſnowy, ſaid to him from the bench, fye, ſir Toby fye! how can you come to court in ſuch a dirty ſhirt? my lord, ſays he, my *ſhirt may be dirty*, but by my ſhoul my *hands are clean*.

An ancient ſervant maid, to the ſurprize of the the whole family ſhe lived in, eſpecially as ſhe was reputed a virgin, fell in labour and produced a chopping boy. Upon her miſtreſs's upbraiding her with her wickedneſs, oh! dear madam, ſaid ſhe, do not be angry with me; for, as I hoped to be ſaved, I would not have ventured, but that *I thought I was paſt child-bearing*.

Lord Roſs of Ireland, ſold a gentleman a horſe for a good ſum, which he took upon his lordſhip's word, that he had no *fault*. About three weeks after, he meets my lord; why, your lordſhip told me, ſays he, that your horſe had no fault, and he is blind of an eye; well ſir, ſays my lord, that's only his *misfortune*.

The ſame noble perſonage, ſitting with one who had a particular faculty in making extempore verſes, laid him a wager of twenty guin-

eas, that he could not make a pertinent anſwer to what he ſhould ſay, in rhyme. The other accepted the bet, and the money was depoſited; when my lord cried out, as the firſt ſtuff that came into his thoughts;

I laid me down and f--ted!

to which his antagoniſt as readily replied,

A fool and his money is ſoon parted,

and ſwept all the caſh into his hat.

The late lord B——ton, taking the earl of C—d to ſee his houſe at Chiſwick, which is more for beauty than uſe, asked his lordſhip as they were returning, what he thought of it; to which his lordſhip replied, that he thought it wanted nothing but *a ſhagreen caſe.*

It was ſaid of ſir John Vanbrugh, who was a man of a very delicate wit, but exceeding faulty in his deſigns in architecture; that the common ſaying, of rather having a perſons room than their company, was reverſed in him; for every one *would rather* have his *company* than his *room.*

A girl who had ſhewn herſelf in all her airs at every publick place. without being able to get a husband, a lady ſaid, ſhe reſembled a good fan; for ſhe *flirted well*, and did not *catch.*

One coming into a gentleman's room, in which he found a violent ſmell of brimſtone, asked him if he was *inuring himſelf to the ſmell.*

A citizen telling the advantage which accrued to a perſon from being lord mayor of London: among the reſt, ſaid, that if he died in the mayoralty, he was allowed five hundred a year *during the reſt of his life.*

A perſon ſaid, that the cuſtom among the old Romans, of meeting the new married couple at the doors of their houſes with fire and water, was an emblematical ceremony, to ſhew that they *were never to agree.*

A quaker came before two judges at an aſſize in Ireland, as a witneſs, when he made frequent uſe of the words alſo and likewiſe: prithee man cried one of their lordſhips, why do you vary theſe words ſo often, have not they both the ſame ſignification? no truly, ſaid the quaker, their meaning is very different: as for example; ſerjeant Bettſworth is a judge upon this bench, thou art one *alſo*, but not *like-wiſe.*

A young gentleman being at dinner with a perſon of conſiderable rank who drank his health, juſt at the moment that he was conveying the fork with a piece of meat to his mouth; which in his hurry to acknowledge the compliment, he let fall on the floor: this cauſed a general laugh round the table. Upon which he ſaid he was like the dog in the fable. and had *drop'd the ſubſtance to catch at the ſhadow.*

Quin the player, famous for his repartees, dined in the country with a certain great D--ke, who made an apology for treating his gueſts only with port wine, becauſe his butler had loſt the key

key of his claret cellar. After dinner, he took them into the garden to ſhew th.m an oſtrich; and, among other ſtrange qualities which appertained to that creature, told them it could digeſt iron. Then, my lord, ſays Quin, I ſuppoſe it was he that *ſwallowed the key of your grace's cellar.*

One ſaid of a perſon who fell in love with and married a very ugly woman, that it was a ſign he had a very *bad taſte* and a very *good ſtomach.*

A gentleman ſaid to a lady who was waſhing her hands, that if ſhe did not take care ſhe would waſh he wit away: upon which another ſaid, that there might be ſome danger of it, indeed, for ſhe had *it at her fingers ends.*

A lady ſaid to Foote juſtly celebrated for his inimitable farces; lord! ſir, your Foot's a yard long; at the ſame time, looking down at his ſhoes; yes, madam, ſays he, and my *yard*'s a *foot* long.

Taylor the oculiſt, who is a great coxcomb, told a lady once, that he knew her thoughts by her eyes: do you, ſays ſhe, than I am ſure you will keep them ſecret, for *for they are no way to your advantage.*

SONGS.

See doctor S-------- with three-tail'd wig,
And face as wiſe as any;
Your pulſe he feels, and takes his eels,
And jigs you of the guinea.
And a jigging, &c.

The doctor is no ſooner gone,
But gallipot ſends in;
A load of pills to cure all ills,
And jigs you once again.
And a jigging, &c.

Thus all mankind are jiggers grown,
To work each other's fall;
But let us ſtrive to mend our lives,
For death will jig us all.
And a jigging we will go.

SONG III.

OF all the Polly's that e'er ſung,
For whom the pit and boxes rung,
With loud applauſe of hand and tongue,
There's none like Polly Vincent.

Of Polly Chambers ſay no more,
Of * Polly Raftor, and a ſcore
Of Polly's---whoſe performance poor,
Cannot compare with Vincent.

Of Polly Brent, and Johnny Beard,
We much have thought, and much have heard,
But they muſt never be compar'd
With Lowe and Polly Vincent.

---

* *The preſent Mrs. Clive.*

Your reaſon, ſir,---Why, ſir, I'll tell ye,
Brent's pigmy ſize, and Beard's fat belly,
Can ne'er with ſo much rapture ſwell ye,
As well-match'd Lowe and Vincent.

Singing or ſpeaking, how they ſhine!
We hang with joy on ev'ry line,
And own that matchleſs and divine
Are Lowe and Polly Vincent.

Then ſhe too is ſo void of art,
And Tom ſo juſtly plays his part,
A roguiſh look---an honeſt heart;
Huzza! for Lowe and Vincent.

SONG. IV.

SQUINTUM's ADVANCEMENT.

WHEN Squintum firſt mounted the clerical tub,
He had little or nothing to ſay to the mob,
So cocking his eye with a ſingular grace,
He put on his very beſt ſanctified face.
Derry down, &c.

His handkerchief waving, he grinn'd in their faces,
But thought 'em a pack of ridiculous aſſes;
To attend with ſuch looks at amazement and wonder
To hear themſelves damn'd—with a voice hoarſe as thunder.
Derry down, &c.

But

But finding that threat'ning would not fill his purſes,
He ſoon chang'd his tone, and forgot all his curſes,
My people, cries he, you have nothing to do,
But rely upon providence—good men and true.
Derry down, &c.

There was an old woman—the ſtory is truth,
She'd been a ſad whore all the days of her youth;
Now after ſhe came to the age of threeſcore,
She turn'd ſaint all at once, and deteſted a whore.
Derry down, &c.

The good woman being hungry, and wanting her dinner,
She own'd ſhe had been a moſt terrible ſinner;
But depending on providence——bread, beer and butter
Came in at her door both for dinner and ſupper.
Derry down, &c.

Then ſouſe down the chimney, and into her pot,
Came ten pound of fine leg of beef piping hot;
She ſtar'd at the ſight, and was lifting her eyes,
When plump on the table fell two mutton pies.
Derry down, &c.

With lies ſuch as theſe the poor people are trick'd,
And does not the raſcal deſerve to be kick'd;
Who in ſpite of religion, of laws and of ſenſe,
Thus gulls the poor mob of their half-pence and pence?
Derry down, &c.

May the thief then be hung up as high as the
steeple,
For the good of the church, and the ſake of the
people;
How grand to the gallows the doctor will paſs,
With tag-rag and bobtail to follow his a—e!
Derry down, &c.

SONG V.

LET us dance, let us ſing,
And chear up for our king,
Our monarch moſt glorious is chief;
Let the French at length, eager
Eat frogs and ſoup-meager,
Whilſt we feaſt on porter and beef.

Shall their admirals dare,
With our Engliſh compare,
To that I beg leave to ſay nay;
To Hawk and Roſcawen
Their ruin is owing,
In ſpite of all Maubert can ſay.

Long they ſwore they'd invade,
They would puff and parade,
The fribbles and foplings may care;
But my lads let them come
Now with trumpet and drum,
We'll tip them a knock for their fare.

But her beaus may reſt clear,
That they've nothing to fear,
And the French that their glory is paſt;
For the marquis of Granby,
As certain as can be,
With taylors can beat them at laſt.

With

With their monks and their friars,
Their ſaints and their liars,
How hard would be Great Britain's lot;
Should they conquer our guns,
All our girls would turn Nuns,
And their maidenheads all go to pot.

Let us hope for the beſt,
While George we proteſt,
What bus'neſs have Britons with care;
Let us never ſtand neuter,
Huzza! for brave Pruſſia,
So Monſieurs may come if they dare.

SONG VI.

On Miss DAWSON.

THE lilly on her cheek combines,
And mixes with the roſe;
Her eye with heav'nly luſtre ſhines,
Which men in vain oppoſe.

Her face, her ſhape, her looks, her air,
By nature grac'd with charms;
So bright, ſo exquiſite, ſo fair,
She ev'ry heart diſarms.

An arm more white was never ſeen,
Nor more exactly made;
Not even Juno, heaven's bright queen
Has fairer arm diſplay'd.

Oh! When ſhe trips before our eyes,
How gracefully ſhe moves;
We look with wonder and ſurprize,
And ſee the dancing Loves.

The heaving marble of her breaſt,
Unnumber'd beauties ſhews;
Her other beauties may be gueſs'd,
The pencil paints not thoſe.

SONG VII.

NANCY TO JOHN;

Or, The WHORE to the J———.

WHILE you, my dear —— preſide o'er the laws,
And, neglecting the greater, find out the ſmall flaws,
Permit an old friend to addreſs you in print,
And how you ſhould act, to endeavour to hint.
Derry down, &c.

Whenever you hear of a murder or rape,
Tho' you ſcarcely will Stare, yet you ſurely may gape;
And, inſtead of diſpatching your folks in a flurry,
Tell 'em buſ'neſs is never well done in a hurry.
Derry down, &c.

But if you've intelligence kindly convey'd,
Of a good-natur'd maſter who lies with his maid,
Then make a great pother, by night or by day,
And if poor—why the devils to Bridewell convey.
Derry down, &c.

In

In the next place—pray take it, good ſir, as 'tis meant,
Whenever your ſervants to Tyburn are ſent,
A coffin you'll give—and inſiſt on a coach,
If they ride with the mob—Why, you bear the reproach.

Derry down, &c.

When a ſet of young fellows, the ſons of delight,
Are aſſembled to ſpend with old Shakeſpear the night;
In the heighth of their glee, and the midſt of the ſcene,
Let your ill-looking myrmidons puſh themſelves in.

Derry down, &c.

Then ſeizing on Jaffier, or Romeo, or Bayes,
Let them ſwear that the law has forbidden all plays,
And except they will handſomely down with the cole,
D—— my blood, ſirs,—away—you muſt all to mill doll.

Derry down, &c.

Twenty whores in a cellar, all nabb'd in a minute,
Shall pay you full well for the trouble there's in it;
But a Brim of large fortune is never your game,
For her character's good, and unſpotted her fame.

Derry down, &c.

If a bawd is behind-hand in paying her fees,
Say—madam, I cannot allow things like theſe;
You muſt either diſcharge your arrears, or expect
To be puniſh'd ſeverely for ſuch your neglect.

Derry down, &c.

Whene'er you have evidence clear as the ſun,
You may fairly conclude that the buſineſs is done;
Except—and exceptions are always admitted,
Proper Cauſe can be ſhown why the thief is acquitted.

Derry down, &c.

But if your wiſe conduct the great ones ſhould blame,
My letter produc'd brings your foes all to ſhame;
For how can thoſe meaſures be other than good,
Which D——n advis'd, and which ——— purſu'd?

Adieu, my old friend—my old foe, fare ye well,
Be advis'd, and as ſure as the devil's in hell,
At once you'll eſtabliſh a well-gotten fame,
And if you are not rich—I know who is to blame.

Derry down, &c.

Thus ſcreening yourſelf by the laws of the land,
May you live to enjoy what your wiſdom has plann'd;
And this maxim ſtill hold as your guide in each ſcrape,
To hang the poor rogues, and let rich ones eſcape.

Derry down, &c.

Excuſe, Mr. J———, my freedom herein,
And believe me, I do not regard you a pin:
This letter of mine you may put your own gloſs on,
I'm above ye all now—and ſo your's———

N——— D———

SONG

SONG VIII.

JOHN TO NANCY;

In anſwer to the preceding.

WHILE you, my dear Nancy a hornpipe can jig,
And at once pleaſe the parſon, the beau and the prig,
I'll endeavour to take the advice which you give,
Convinc'd as I am that you'll never deceive.
Derry down, &c:

Whenever I hear of a petty diſaſter,
Such as that which you mention of maid and of maſter,
I cognizance take, but proceedings I ſtifle,
Becauſe the poor man kindly tips me a trifle.

My ſervants—a ſet of moſt excellent fellows,
Tho' they often deſerve——ſeldom come to the gallows;
For altho' forty pounds be a pretty good picking,
I ſave them from the rope, leſt I get my own neck in.

As to your old acquaintance the bawds and the whores,
They behave pretty well—and pay duly their ſcores;
But as to your Spouters, and thoſe kind of gentry,
On them and their actions I keep a ſtrict ſentry.

Well—adieu, my dear girl—you have giv'n me great pleaſure,
Let me know how you manage, ſometimes when you've leiſure;
And if Neddy Sh—— is ever off on ye,
Call in, and oblige your old cuſtomer—JOHNNY.

SONG

SONG IX.

YE brimſtones of Drury and Exeter-ſtreet,
Ye frows of the town, and ye molls of the Fleet,
Whoſe tender ſoft hearts have by men been betray'd,
And from virtue againſt inclination have ſtray'd,
Obey the glad ſummons, and quickly repair,
To ———'s new warehouſe for crack'd earthen ware.

Here Nancy no more ſhall be knap'd for a gown,
Nor be tempted to do naughty things for a crown,
No more by a fulſome old bawd be oppreſs'd;
But here, if ſhe will, may for ever be chaſte.
Obey the glad ſummons, &c.

From the luſcious tit bit to the bouncing jack whore,
From the bunters in rags to the gay pompadore,
'Tis ——— invites you then give him applauſe,
Who loſt both his peepers in Venus's cauſe.
Obey the glad ſummons, &c.

There Nancy and Lucy no more can bewail,
The woful effects of a fire in their tail;
But ſtill from their Vice and iniquity free,
May ſoon live as honeſt, O ———, as thee.
Obey the glad ſummons, &c.

No longer ſhall trudge, now each draggle tail trull,
Thro' hail, rain or ſnow, to pick up a cull;
No longer in curſing and ſwearing delight,
But there on their knees may pray day and night,
O —— when this can be done I declare,
You deſerve a reward, for your paſtoral care.
O —— when this can be done I declare,
You deſerve your reward at Paddington fair.

SONG.

Theſe ſix'd reſolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry:
With you I'll toy, and kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry,—hang me if I marry:
With you I'll toy, and kiſs and play;
But hang me if I marry.

SONG XIV.

YOUNG Collin was the bonnieſt ſwain,
That ever pip'd on flowery plain,
Or danc'd upon the lee;
The wanton kid in gameſome bound,
That frolicks o'er the turfy ground,
Was not ſo blyth as he.

Beneath the oak in yonder dale,
You'd think you heard the nightingale,
Whene'er he rais'd his voice;
But ah! the youth was all deceit,
His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
And choice ſucceeded choice.

The maiden ſung in willow groves,
Of Collin's falſe and perjur'd loves,
Here Jenny told her woes;
And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
Whoſe cheeks like dying lillies look,
That once out-bluſh'd the roſe.

Unhappy fair! my words believe,
So ſhall no ſwain your hopes deceive,
And leave you to deſpair;
E'er he diſcloſe his fickle mind,
Change firſt yourſelves, for ah! you'll find
Falſe Collins ev'ry where.

SONG

SONG XV.

Recitative.

THE chace is o'er, and on the plain,
The hounds the luſty ſtag has ſlain:
Let the horns with ſprightly tone,
All our ſportive pleaſures crown.

Air.

Of Britons, thus the ancient race,
With nervous toil purſue the chace;
By no ungen'rous thoughts controul'd,
Their hearts were honeſt, free, and bold.
Their hearts where honeſt, free, and bold.
Of Briions, &c.

Like them again, no ſlaves to courts,
Let Britons ſtill purſue their ſports;
Like them again, ſhall Britons be,
As brave, as honeſt, and as free,
Like them again, ſhall Britons be,
As brave, as honeſt, and as free.

SONG XVI.

On the Marriage Act.

THE fool that is wealthy is ſure of a bride;
For riches, like fig leaves, their nakedneſs hide.
The ſlave that is poor muſt ſtarve all his life,
In a batchelor's bed, without miſtreſs or wife.

In

In good days of Yore, they ne'er troubled their heads
In ſettling of jointures, or making of deeds;
But Adam and Eve, when they firſt enter'd courſe,
E'en took one another, for better, for worſe.

Then prythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great;
Let love be thy jointure; ne'er mind an eſtate:
You can never be poor, who have all thoſe charms;
And I ſhall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

SONG XVII.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſure prove,
That Hills and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields:
There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks,
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals,
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.

A belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
With coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
And if thoſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love;
The ſhepherds ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight, each may morning;
If thoſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.
Then live with me and be my love.

SONG

SONG XVIII.

ANSWER, *by Sir* WALTER RALEGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth on every ſhepherd's tongue,
Theſe pleaſures might my paſſion move
To live wi:h thee, and be thy love.

But fading flow'rs in ev'ry field,
To winter froſt their treaſures yield;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's ſpring, but ſorrows fall.

Thy gown, thy ſhoes, thy beds of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies,
Are all ſoon wither'd, broke, forgotten,
In foll ripe, in reaſon rotten.

Thy belt of ſtraw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral claſps, and amber ſtuds;
Can me with no inticements move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could youth laſt, could love ſtill breed;
Had joys no date, had age no need;
Then thoſe delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 20 JAN 55